

I killed her with +The Realness+ now I'm bringin her life
Prestige is an illusion people tend to lose sight
I will always be Cory, youngest child of Dorothy
My brown eyes mirrors the pure ferocity

I slung the E, held my first heat with curiosity
Slept with it, rep with it, streets empower me
I came from curses, cuffs, and suede Pumas
To painting slums as visual as James Evans Jr.

I became a criminal when few though I wasn't
My shot wounds, my birthmarks a thug injustice
And with the [unknown]
The quarters not working I question my purpose in life

It must be to write, son I'm very determined
I child of the ghetto like a very young Sherman
Bread not moldin', the chosen upholding

Unwritten laws of those behind walls closed in, picture me roll
in
But don't look at me differently on the strength that I'm holdin
This is Mega you never heard my chain got stolen
I pitch like Randy Johnson

Dudes needed work I assist like Magic Johnson
Before rap my name was ringing in the projects
We took the block and props of every gram cooked
The rap game a change gon' come like Sam Cook

And Big didn't give the crown up and this means
His unwilling departure still makes him king
Cor-
mega, will forever still born in Bedstuy, never ran never will
My life is very real a tribeam couldn't measure my skill
Or +True Meaning+ who want to bring it, I'm right here...